I felt like going into the House and moistening the roast. The meat was dry.

*

We went to the Canadian National Exhibition. In my neighborhood support workers, “keepers” if you like, have been taking clients to the "Ex" for decades. We were sitting at one of a row of picnic tables set up on the concrete floor of the "Food Pavilion." We were escorting Frederick (not Fred), Gabriel, Karl, Leon, and Charlene. Charlene didn't usually accompany us on our outings. She was more interested in music and bars. I think she came for the free food. We weren't cool, or at least I wasn't. Adam considered himself pretty hep.

Charlene was definitely cool. I watched her stocky body as she approached our table through a small crowd, carrying a tray of fries. Even in the heat she wore a man's white leather vest. It clashed with her baggy shorts. She wanted it to. She always wore sun-glasses. Today her usually long dark hair was braided.

Adam sat diagonally across from me. I remember the way his Ray Bans hung from the collar of his shirt. It was a red and white checked short-sleeved sports shirt. He'd undone the first two buttons. Of course it was late summer (the